

# St. Michael's Alumnae News

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No. 4

## ALUMNAE MEETINGS.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Alumnae was held in the Lecture Hall of the Nurses' Residence on October 5th, 1939.

The guest speaker was Mrs. John Davidson who gave a very instructive and most interesting talk on Poland.

### Donations

It was moved by Miss O'Connor and seconded by Miss Kelman that a donation of \$5 be made to both the Red Cross and the Catholic Charities.

### Red Cross Work

It was moved by Miss Grogan and seconded by Miss Kelman that a letter be written to the Ladies' Auxiliary suggesting that combined forces work for the Red Cross.

Miss Margaret Robertson was appointed convener for a "war-work" programme.

### Re Annual Dance

It was decided at this meeting that the annual dance, this year, be a subscription dance rather than the usual supper dance.

### Requiem Mass

November 7th was the date set for the annual Requiem Mass for deceased members.

## DECEMBER 18TH, 1939

This Quarterly Meeting was held in the Assembly Room of the hospital. Dr. Joseph Sullivan was a most entertaining guest speaker, augmenting his lecture with lantern slides and a grand finale of moving pictures.

### Christmas Presents

It was decided that Christmas Boxes be sent as usual to sick members. Miss Julia O'Connor in charge.

Also that a Christmas gift of \$25 in cash be presented to the Sisters of the hospital.

### Re Overseas Nurses

A motion was carried, that members who have joined the Army for service overseas be presented with identification discs in the form of bracelets or lockets—according to individual taste—bearing the Alumnae Crest. It was the wish of the meeting that Miss Theresa Harrison be in charge of these arrangements.

## TO ST. MICHAEL'S NURSES.

All the day long through ward and hall and room  
On gliding feet that move without a sound,  
Diffusing comfort and dispelling gloom,  
St. Michael's nurses go their ceaseless round.

From gray church steeples and cathedral towers  
The city clocks, with deep sonorous chime,  
Toll out the swift irrevocable hours  
And mark the passage of relentless time.

Light fades; night falls; the dim hours onward  
creep;  
The streets are hushed; their loud harsh noises  
wane  
And die away. But these, while others sleep,  
Faithful and constant at their post remain.

Their hearts are quick for human woe to feel,  
Their gentle hands are skilled to conquer pain.  
Love of the Saviour sanctifies their zeal  
And faith and hope their constancy sustain.

Kind, sympathetic, patient, diligent,  
At duty's call their vigils long they keep.  
On mercy's Christ-like ministry intent  
They soothe the restless, give the weary sleep.

And as of old by city, vale and lake  
The gentle Saviour journeyed, doing good,  
So to their suffering brethren, for His sake,  
These dedicate their gracious womanhood.

They seek no prize, no guerdon, no reward,  
Their glory is in serving Christ the Lord,  
And through His grace relieving human pain.

—P. J. Coleman.

St. Michael's Hospital,  
Toronto, Nov. 10, 1939.

### MY NURSE—A PARADOX

The following article is taken from the book "Graduate Nurses" and is written by

HERBERT L. NORTHPROP, M.D., F.A.C.S.  
Formerly Dean of Surgery, Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

The purpose of this dissertation is to have a *tête à tête* with graduate nurses. The pleasure which I shall experience will be genuine, for in addition to congratulating you upon having chosen the nursing profession as your life's work, I shall introduce you to "My Nurse." I heartily recommend the study of medicine to any young man who has the taste and ability to follow it; and I likewise recommend the nursing profession to any young lady who has the taste and ability to practice it.

I believe that you and I are fully justified in congratulating each other that we are indispensable in the care of the sick. But we should not feel too elated, or hold our heads too high, for the greater the need for you and me in the sick room or in the hospital, the greater the responsibility placed upon our shoulders and the harder we must work. It IS hard work, isn't it? But, it is worth it. What a satisfaction to care for man's God-given body, to relieve its pains and assuage its suffering. Have you ever thought how anxious the poor, helpless, diseased human derelicts, lying bed-ridden before you, are to get well? Do you realize how eagerly they look to you and to me for relief from pain and for a return to health? Life is sweet to them, too, and you and I are privileged to help them to gain their lost health. Just think of that.

I hesitate about offering you any advice. Advice, like a railroad train, is easy to take but hard to follow. However, it is expected of me to make some observations or comments upon the trained nurse and her relations to her patient and the family physician. Just wait until you meet "My Nurse!"

#### "My Nurse" Is a Successful Liar!

I assume, with right and reason, that you are qualified to take care of the sick. You have been educated, theoretically and practically, to do so. You can read a thermometer and count a pulse; you can make a bed and give a hypodermic; you can bandage a limb and you can lavage a stomach; you can do a thousand and one other things, in your line of duty as a trained nurse. But, I am afraid there is one thing you cannot do—as yet. And what is that? Tell lies. To be a successful nurse, one must also be a successful liar. Whether they be white lies or whatever other kind of lies there are—black lies, I suppose, they are lies you must tell, but you cannot

let yourself down easy, as it were, by "passing the buck." (Thank the American people for slang; what would we do without it?) By "passing the buck" I mean you can say, "We'll have to ask the doctor about that," and then the doctor will pass the buck, perhaps, by beating around the bush, evading, if he can, direct questions, perhaps replying, "We'll have to wait for the laboratory report." You and I should remember the words of that celebrated English surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who said: "In the face of misfortune, it is merciless to blot out hope." May it never be said of you or of me, that we blotted out hope. On the other hand let it be said of us, that we are good liars.

Again, "in palliation, the treatment of the patient's mental attitude is of paramount significance. Few individuals are so constituted as to accept with equanimity a diagnosis of cancer. To create hope adds immeasurably to the happiness of the patient and consequently contributes to the prolongment of life and prospects of cure." So said Donald C. Balfour, of the Mayo Clinic. To tell lies for this purpose is an accomplishment, worthy of your profession, and of mine.

• Don't forget, it is sometimes just as important to tell the truth, the plain, unvarnished, naked truth, even though it hurts. In some instances it will be wise to lie to the patient, but to tell the truth to the members of the family, who are entitled to know the seriousness of any illness, for religious or medical reasons. The nurse must be on the alert to recognize a turn for the worse, or the appearance of a complication which would demand the presence of the priest, or minister, or the doctor on the case.

#### "My Nurse" Is Dumb!

The successful nurse is not only a good liar, she also is dumb—I might say, deaf and dumb. She is so dumb she will not talk to her patient about her knowledge of nursing, of all the horrible diseases she has seen, of the virtues of this doctor, or the faults of that one—yet she is not so dumb but she realizes that under certain circumstances "ignorance is bliss," and "silence is golden." Plainly speaking (perhaps I am paradoxical) she keeps her mouth shut. She is a good listener, but she is deaf to family secrets; she knows that there may be a family skeleton in that patient's closet, more repulsive and more to be dreaded than the wonderful collection of two hundred bones possessed by each of us, and without which we could serve neither God nor man. The ideal nurse has troubles of her own sufficient, and she minds her own business; she is deaf to things that do not relate to the mental and physical welfare of her patient.



### "My Nurse" Is a Glutton!

Again, she is a glutton. No, not at the dinner table, nor between meals, not for things for the stomach, but a glutton for work. A twelve hour day will do, although an eight-hour day is better, but if it should, for good and sufficient reasons, be a twelve hour day, she is willing and ready to accept it.

Thomas A. Edison used to say, "Never look at the clock;" Alexander Hamilton said, "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have is the fruit of labor and of thought." Be a glutton for work.

### "My Nurse" Has Personality!

Any individual, no matter what his or her calling and position in life, should have personality. For a nurse to have personality means to inspire confidence; greater confidence in the instructions given her and in the carrying out of the same, all of so much more value because of the personality of the nurse. Personality, possessing exceptional qualities, of ability, of sweet disposition, of personal magnetism. Personality, the power (and it is power) to bring sunshine into the sick room and into the life of your patient. And let us remember, that those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves. Therefore, I beg you, cultivate personality.

### "My Nurse" Is Sympathetic!

My nurse is sympathetic, and that includes gentleness. She puts herself, figuratively, in her patient's place, and by so doing realizes the better that patient's desires and needs, and her sympathy has a salutary effect upon the bed-ridden, disease-racked individual. A nurse, or a doctor, with little or no sympathy in their make-up—cold-hearted, indifferent of the likes and dislikes of others (and there are such nurses and doctors) who perform their duties in a mechanical, perfunctory manner—fall short of the best professional qualifications. How different the willing hand, the happy smile, the sympathetic look and word of encouragement, the gentle touch—why, the patient who receives such treasures of attention is thrice blessed—such sympathy "blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." Be sympathetic; cultivate gentleness.

Our patients

"do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy."

Graduate Nurses, you have chosen a strenuous life, one that will tax your powers of body and your resourcefulness of mind to the limit. Lay

in a large stock of good health and sweet temper, you will need both; they will be your stock in trade. You can do much for yourself in this regard. Proper and sufficient relaxation is essential to good service. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—and it makes Jill a dull girl, too. A nurse should look healthy, of course; a healthy appearance with vim, pep and activity can be a stimulus, a good example, for a sick person; therefore, the nurse is a model in this, and in many other respects.

### My Ideal Nurse!

My ideal nurse must be consecrated to her calling, ready and gladly willing to sacrifice self in every reasonable detail of duty. You can no more separate self-sacrifice from the profession of nursing than you can cast mathematics out of astronomy, or bone out of the human body. It cannot be done. With the ideal nurse, her powers of body and of mind are consecrated to the care of suffering humanity (what a noble calling). Self-sacrifice, day and night, year in and year out—a lifetime of self-sacrifice.

History is replete with acts of heroism and self-sacrifice, while it is just as true that the deeds of multitudinous heroes and heroines remain forever unnoticed and unsung. Look into that ghastly hospital tent after the battle of San Juan Hill, in the Spanish American war, and see those mere fragments of men rise in their bloody bandages to sing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." See that venerable Southern General (by the way, it was General Joe Wheeler) leave his bed in the ambulance and climb in suffering into his saddle, that the wounded might have his place. Look into the pest-hole in Havana and watch Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, on September 13, 1900, deliberately permit himself to be bitten by a mosquito filled with yellow fever germs from which he developed the yellow fever and died, that later we might say, we have to rid the world of yellow fever.

Your name, or mine, may never be found among those who have won fame and renown by outstanding achievement, but let us be grateful, you and I, that we will have opportunities to sacrifice self and to perform many unostentatious deeds of kindness, even though the annals of history will never chronicle them.

Lastly, my ideal nurse is so qualified by Nature, by education and by experience that she is worthy to associate with and to serve the priest and the doctor. What a wonderful triumvirate, these three—the priest, the doctor and the nurse; together seeking the eternal welfare of man's soul and the restoration of his God-given body that he may concentrate his powers and his talents to the welfare of his fellow creatures. Let

us borrow the words of the pagan Cicero: "Homines ad deos, nulla re proprius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." "There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures." True, and it is your privilege, and mine, to contribute at least something to help make the world better for man's spiritual and temporal welfare. We have been put here for that purpose and

"We shall be satisfied  
If into the lives of others  
We bring some hope and cheer,  
And feel that the world is better,  
Because of our being here."

"Mens sana in corpore sano"—"a sound mind in a sound body"—is just as necessary today, that you and I may properly fill our niche in this life, as it was when uttered by the Roman poet Juvenal in the first century. Juvenal prayed for a sound mind in a sound body, and I pray that you have a sound mind in a sound body, and, in addition a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience, coupled with a tender heart, and a spirit of self-sacrifice.

"My Nurse" is the ideal nurse. She knows not the word "failure," for it cannot be found in the lexicon of her professional service to stricken humanity. "My Nurse" gives you Graduate Nurses this inspiring verse:

Though the skies overhead are like brass, little girl,  
And the walk like a well-heated brick,  
And all earthly affairs in a terrible whirl  
Do something for somebody,—quick!

### HOSPITAL HAPPENINGS

We wish to extend our very best wishes for a speedy recovery to Dr. William Magner who is recuperating, post operatively, up on 4E.

Congratulations to Dr. T. R. Sarjeant and Dr. Desmond Magner on their appointment as officers with the 15th General Hospital which will operate as a base hospital in France.

The two Dances, senior and intermediate—held in November were a big success. The Juniors are anticipating theirs which is to take place in the near future—before Lent.

The "Anastomosis" was a name jokingly suggested as appropriate for the newly-erected and (much appreciated) heated passage which now connects the Hospital with the Nurses' Residence.

The series of "Tuesday Lectures" held during the month of November for active and associate members of the Alumnae was a tremendous success. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to the members of the staff who made this programme possible.

A delightful Christmas play entitled "Children of the Inn" was presented by the probationers in the Nurses' Residence on December 20th.

On December 21st about 55 children of the hospital employees were entertained by the student nurses at a "Christmas Tree Party." The play "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was staged, with music by the Junior Rhythm Band. Gift parcels (consisting of an article of clothing, toys, candies and fruit) were distributed and refreshments were served. The evening was a very merry one.

Midnight Mass was celebrated in the Hospital Chapel by the Chaplain, Reverend Leo Smyth. The music by the Sisters' Choir was exceptionally good.

The entire hospital was gaily decorated for Christmas, firesides, candles, Christmas trees, holly and evergreens in profusion. A group of twenty-five student nurses went from floor to floor, early in the morning, singing carols. Later in the day they accompanied a Santa Claus from the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of St. Joseph's Parish, who visited all the Men's Wards and distributed tobacco, cigarettes, fruit and candy to every patient. A Santa Claus from the hospital visited the Obstetrical Wards and each mother was presented with a beautiful layette for her baby and also a gift for the home.

A delicious dinner, with many added delicacies, was served throughout the hospital at the noon hour. The trays were beautifully decorated with attractive holiday menus and favours of a "Christ-massy" nature.

## ATTENTION!!!

The Alumnae fees for 1940 are now due and must be paid before February 1st. As list must be in the Main Office by March 1st.

## OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

Congratulations to Nursing Sisters Marion Bell, Betty Fenton and Margaret Hunt who have enlisted with Number 15 General Hospital Unit for overseas duty.

Rosella Grogan is at the Palmolive Peet Co. One of those nice positions we all dream about.

Dorothy McGillvray had a nice long visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bayles (Anne Morin) at Bourlemaque, Quebec.

Mary Kibzey and Anna Clancy (Class of '36) are on the staff of St. Clare's Hospital, New York City.

Had a card at Christmas from Margaret Kelman at West Palm Beach, Florida.

We hear that Florence Kuntz was a patient up on 5A for a day or so early in December. Sorry we didn't have a visit with you, Florence.

Mrs. Stahre (Barbara Rose) is nurse aboard the S.S. Matsonia between San Francisco and Hawaii.

Bea Curtis and Lily Clegg have returned from Paddington Hospital, London, England. They had rather an exciting trip home, being on the "High Seas" when war was declared.

We are told that "His Majesty the Baby" who has taken up residence with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Williamson (Mary Edwards) at Kirkland Lake is a "bonnie laddie." Congratulations, Mary!

Flo Hynes and Anna Rita McNamara expect to leave for California the middle of February.

Mrs. Thomas Collins (K. McIsaac) is living in New York.

Aileen Keefe is nursing in Brookline, Mass.

Martina Flanagan was home from New York for Christmas.

Helen O'Sullivan, who has been ill over a period of months, is at present up in 508A. We're sorry, Helen, but keep your chin up. "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Geis (Kay Briggs) and family (Bernadette, Larry and Mary Catharine) have moved to Oshawa, Ontario.

Isabel Goodine is at the University of St. Louis, Mo., on a fellowship for her Bachelor of Science Degree.

Rose McQuaid is in the Operating Room at Christie Street Hospital.

Julia Montgomery is accompanying a patient to Pasadena, California.

In October, while vacationing at the Clarendon House, near Pickering, Helen McNamara witnessed the crashing of an airplane in which two men were seriously injured. Although Helen was reluctant to discuss her part in aiding the injured pair, friends of the men credited her with being largely responsible in saving their lives.

The Graduate Nurses' Retreat held at Marian

House, 181 Dawlish Avenue, on October 15th and 16th, under the direction of Rev. A. Ryan, C.S.S.R., was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all who attended.

Amy Christie was home from New York for two weeks at Christmas during which time she entertained some of the nurses at tea.

Had a card from Jocie Kehoe who is in Cincinnati.

May Bell was another person heard from at Christmas from New Rochelle, N.Y.

Mrs. Smith (Anna Doig) sent greetings at Christmas from San Francisco.

Mrs. McEachren (Vera McDonald) was able to be home for a few days at Christmas.

We were so sorry to hear that Theresa Huntley was very ill recently with pneumonia. Hope you are feeling better, Theresa.

In honour of Mary Schnurr, a bride of September, Mrs. J. W. Brennan (Eleanor Metzler) entertained at a cup and saucer shower at her home on September 20th. The decorations were very attractive in pink and white and there were about eighteen guests present. A little bird told us it was a delightfully gay affair.

Catherine Madgaford, '38, completed the Public Health Course at University and is now on the hospital staff.

Please phone news items to Irene Sennett, Lombard 9964.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Aurel Gaudet and Dr. A. Bodendistel.

Estelle Casey and Mr. James Anthony Gaffney, Ottawa, Ont.

Mildred Brown and Mr. Harold Fleming.

Muriel Greene and Mr. Gillis Morel.

Mona James and Dr. Archie McPhee.

Margaret Thurlow and Mr. Walter Benny.

Lillian Dawson and Mr. Wilfrid Sedgewick.

Margaret Lovick and Mr. George D. Milson.

And with our humble apologies we beg to correct an error made in our last issue.

Delia Murphy and Mr. Joseph McCann.

## WEDDINGS

Betty Lee, married in March, 1939, to Mr. Victor Agostini. Living in Trinidad, Port of Spain, British West Indies.

Mary Schnurr married at St. Basil's Church, Toronto, by Rev. J. B. Walsh, C.S.B., on Sept. 23rd, 1939, to Mr. Frank W. Rice.

Mary Corkery married at Warkworth on October 16th, 1939, by Rev. J. Ferguson, to Mr. Anthony Barron.

Cleophas Desmond married at Cargill, Ontario, in December to Mr. Howard Packard. Living in Montreal.



## CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold O'Connor (K. Bellair) White Plains, New York, on the birth of a son in August.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newton (Josephine Schwalm) on the birth of a daughter on Sept. 5th, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Munro (Dolly Owen) on the birth of a son on October 25th, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Farrah (Marie LaRoque) Kirkland Lake, Ontario, on the birth of a daughter (Marie Suzann) in October.

Mr. and Mrs. C. McAlpine, Cobalt, Ontario, (Kay McAuliffe) on the birth of a son in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bayles (Anne Morin) Bourlemaque, Quebec, on the birth of a daughter (Audrey Susanne) on November 11th, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Killingsworth (Edith Russell) on the birth of a daughter on Nov. 17th, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Malone (Grace Woods) on the birth of a son (John Joseph) on Nov. 29, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rankin (Alexa Kemp) on the birth of a daughter on December 7th, 1939.

Dr. and Mrs. Graham Chambers (Mil McCrohan) on the birth of a son on December 12th, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Keyser (Mae Greene) on the birth of a son on December 15th, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Wilson (Phylis Reid) on the birth of a son on December 23rd, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hickey (Adele Knowlton) on the birth of a son on January 2nd, 1940.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heffering (Tillie Bandell) on the birth of a daughter.

### We Extend Our Sympathy to the Following in Their Recent Bereavements

The family of Dr. Leo Killoran.

Dr. E. A. Broughton on the death of his mother.

Mrs. J. Powers (Marjorie Doherty) on the death of her husband.

Mary and Agnes Robinson on the death of their father and brother.

Gert Egan on the death of her mother.

Helen McGeough on the death of her mother.

Flora Brohman on the death of her father.

Estelle Casey on the death of her mother.

Florence Hynes on the death of her father.

The family of Josephine Cochrane.

Helen Bradley on the death of her father.

Dorothy Young on the death of her father.

Marjorie McQuarrie on the death of her father.

Rita Redmond on the death of her father.

## R. I. P.

John Francis Leo Killoran, M.B.

Dr. Leo Killoran died in St. Michael's Hospital, November 17th, 1939, following an operation. He had been active in his practice until two weeks before his death unaware of the seriousness of his condition.

Dr. Killoran was born in Seaforth, Ontario, the son of the late John Killoran and his wife, whose maiden name was Winnifred Ryan. He was in the sixtieth year of his age. After a short experience as a school teacher in Cornwall he entered College in 1900 and graduated M.B. Faculty of Medicine, University of Toronto in 1904. On graduation he began a two year's internship in St. Michael's Hospital, after which he entered practice on Bathurst Street and was appointed to the medical staff. Three years later he became head of the Department of Anaesthesia in St. Michael's and held this appointment until his death.

As an anaesthetist he was skilful and resourceful and always kept himself abreast with the advances in his specialty. He was popular with his colleagues and though honest in his criticisms of his own work, always singularly charitable towards the weakness of others.

In 1914 Dr. Killoran married Miss Grace McNeil. She with three sons and a daughter survive him.

(Bulletin of Academy of Medicine, January, 1940).

## SISTER HIERONYME.

When the word "Sister Hieronyma is dead" spread through the hospital on the afternoon of January 2nd, it seemed temporarily at least, to shatter, if not completely destroy the delightful festive "holiday" spirit that prevails during the Christmas season even in hospital.

Her death occurring at this particular time, made us feel that the Divine Infant, Prince of Peace, had purposely stayed the hand of the Grim Reaper until Sister Hieronyma was re-established (but this time as a patient) in her former environment. Everyone believes that Sister was granted a very dear personal wish "To come home and die in peace in her beloved St. Michael's," where she had served so faithfully and untiringly for more than forty years.

In attempting to pay a fitting tribute to Sister Hieronyma we feel we can do no better than quote from the Toronto Evening Telegram of January 3rd.

## HELD SAINTLY BY SUFFERERS SISTER HIERONYME IS DEAD

"Sister Hieronyme of St. Michael's is dead."

She died yesterday in the hospital where, for 40 years, she had been held a patron saint by the suffering poor, and waifs and strays and drunks and hungry persons that find their way into a hospital at night.

She was a fine big woman without an awkward bone in her body or a thought in her head but to serve her God and her needy fellow mortals.

No one in all this city could make a hospital bed as comfortable as Sister Hieronyme. No nursing sister of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph was oftener in the chapel at St. Michael's. And when the internes and police rushed into the hospital at night with an emergency case, no quicker, more competent or more gentle aid could have been supplied than that of Sister Hieronyme.

### A Gentle Woman

Sister Hieronyme would be surprised to-day to know how many hundreds of Toronto people are thinking of her. Thousands of the poor that she adopted as her own special wards, scores of veteran policemen and firemen whom she aided late at night, dozens of doctors and generations of nurses to whom she passed on some part of her creed of gentleness and mercy to the poor who need it most.

Sister Hieronyme was born in Toronto as Bridget Kennedy. She graduated in 1895 from the old Toronto East General. She joined the Sisters of St. Joseph and was 44 years a beloved member of that community. She served 40 years in St. Michael's, partly as superintendent of nurses, partly as supervisor of the medical floor, partly as supervisor of the maternity ward, but mostly as night supervisor.

Two years ago, because of ill-health, Sister Hieronyme retired to St. Joseph's convent on-the-lake. She returned to St. Michael's for observation and was stricken suddenly. She leaves a sister and a brother.

Her remains rested at St. Michael's until 1.45 to-day, when they were taken to St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans street. Requiem Mass will be sung at the convent at 9.30 a.m. Thursday. Sister Hieronyme will be buried in Mount Hope Cemetery.

### Warm Irish Heart

The policemen and firemen who were there remember the night the Metropolitan Church burned in the bitter cold, and Sister Hieronyme

threw open the doors of St. Michael's and served steaming coffee to the lines of ice-crusted men while her floors were caked under by ice and mud.

And there are vagrants who remember that when they asked for a bite to eat at St. Michael's, Sister Hieronyme went into the diet kitchen and prepared a meal and served it to them right in the corridor of the wards that were in her charge.

And the nurses of St. Michael's can hear her kindly voice as it told them, over and over, that no matter how revolting a poor patient looked, to be kind, because kindness cost nothing, and those to whom the least of it was given would value it the most.

## A SONG OF BOOKS

A book is like a magic box—

Brimful of lovely treasure;

One quaint, old-fashioned key unlocks

Good gifts in generous measure:

Gay songs, and words like jewels old,

Tales carved from ancient times,

And shining legends set in gold,

And chains of silver rhymes.

A book is like a white-sailed ship

Across bright waters hearing

On many a blithe and jaunty trip

Of pleasure, search or daring—

To lands of flower, and lands of snow,

Bright shore and lonely bay,

To strange old quays of long ago,

And harbors of to-day.

A book is like a faithful friend,

With heart that's always ready;

A comrade faithful to the end.

Wise, understanding, steady;

Good company at school, at home,

Gay pal for cozy nooks.

Heigho, for now and years to come

Let's sing the praise of books!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

Not only dogma and doctrine, but morality itself, is being called into question by the advocates of a creedless Christianity, who not infrequently place goodness and virtue on no higher plane than custom and convention. Their idea of religion is nothing more than a vague and soft sentimentalism.

## OUR FIRST CHAPLAIN LOOKS BACK

### Reminiscences of Early Days in St. Michael's

By Right Rev. Monsignor Treacy.

In 1892, Notre Dame on Bond Street was suddenly transformed into St. Michael's Hospital under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

After a long experience it was felt by Archbishop Walsh that the two great needs of the diocese were a Catholic Hospital and a Catholic Children's Aid Society, so that our children, the poor and the sick might have the consolations of religion of which many had been deprived for years.

What would the Archdiocese of Toronto be, if deprived of the services of the Sisters of St. Joseph? Their far-flung institutions for the aged, the poor, the little abandoned children and the suffering are monuments to their Christian heroism, more lasting than brass.

"Their memory liveth on our hills  
Their baptism on our shore  
Our everlasting rivers sing  
Their dialect of yore."

The demure and smiling Sister de Sales; the sweet innocence of Sister St. Felix and the authoritative graciousness of Mother Assumption combined with the "Mephisto" expression of Dr. Robert Dwyer form a picture in memory's frame that shall not easily be obliterated.

The memories of the past conjure up also Mother de Pazzi, Mother de Chantal, Sister Julia, and Sister St. Philip, Dr. Cameron, the chief surgeon, Dr. Oldright, Dr. McMahon, Dr. McKenna, Dr. Uren, Dr. McKeown, Dr. Loudon (Dr. Julian's father), Dr. Allen, Dr. Silverthorne, and Dr. King, and last, but not first, the superintendent Dr. Robert Dwyer.

Dr. Dwyer was the medical superintendent of St. Michael's Hospital in its embryonic stage 1892-3-4-5. A tall spare angular man in the early thirties he sported a short blonde moustache above a small but resolute mouth. His spare jaws, long white fingers and somewhat questioning smile bespoke a kindly but forcible character in the domain of surgery. A small touch of cynicism in some of his chance remarks to snobbish or dogmatic brethren earned for him the title "Mephisto."

We all loved him, nuns, priests, doctors, nurses and patients alike, and recognized with reverence the outstanding abilities which had placed the juvenile hospital in the forefront of city hospitals for all time to come.

A Catholic hospital in Toronto 47 years ago was an island surrounded by a considerable expanse of Boyne water, and it needed, tact, influence and diplomacy to forestall public and private opposition.

Sir Frank Smith, Hugh Ryan, Eugene O'Keefe, James and John O'Neill, Thomas Long and James Foy were of great assistance to Archbishop Walsh and the good Sisters in this undertaking as in other charitable objects both in advice and in money. The Hugh Ryan Memorial is a fitting monument to the charity of that grand old Toronto family as St. Augustine's Seminary is to the memory of Eugene O'Keefe, his wife and daughter, Mrs. French. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they now rest from their labors for their works follow them."

\* \* \*

In the beginning the sick calls came fast and furious. Every little movement of the sick patient had a meaning all its own—it meant dissolution. Proximate and remote danger of death was not sufficiently analyzed by nuns, nurses and doctors. The consequences were terrific for the chaplain who was kept on the jump all the time. No sooner was he out of the Hospital and back to the Palace than the 'phone called for his presence in another ward. "But why not have told me when I was in Ward 2?" Sister de Sales would reply with that great smile, "We did not know you were there. Besides you go so quickly neither Sister St. Felix nor myself can keep up with you." Why not offer up these little trials for the souls in Purgatory?"

In the absence of Dr. Dwyer and the great Sister de Sales on a particular case the chaplain had to be a regular Father O'Flynn to cope with all the difficulties

"Down from theology into pathology  
Troth and conchology if he'd the call."

But experience grew with nuns and nurses and eliminated the religious "jitters" in due time.

The midnight calls became rarer. In order to correct the psychological aberrations of Sister de Sales and Sister St. Felix the Chaplain was obliged to give conferences to nuns, nurses and doctors in the uses, misuses, necessity and effects of the Last Sacraments.

The theological divergences between proximate and remote danger were emphasized by doctrine and illustrations. Other conferences on Baptism followed.

The Mother Superior bought a large doll (at Murray's store, King Street) and it was made the



sacramental subject of practical theological conferences on Extreme Unction and Baptism.

One of the nurses always insisted on putting in the "Amen" after the Baptismal formula, despite all efforts to the contrary.

Then again there were lectures on the embryo, the foetus, vivens and mortuis: on evolution and other biological theories ventilated at the time, which were attended also by the doctors.

\* \* \*

The dear old Aunt gave a dinner soon after my return from Rome and naturally I invited some of the doctors from St. Michael's, who drove out to Adjala with horse and buggy. The company was reinforced by members of the clergy. The turkey was superb and the vegetables fresh from our own garden.

Before the dinner, the brethren, Protestants and Catholics, had the usual appetizers, so the flow of discussion and conversation rolled on, uninterruptedly. After dinner there were speeches and then some of the doctors and clerics adjourned to the parlour for a "little game."

Auntie, outside in the kitchen, heard some remarks from the parlour which are not found in the Book of Common Prayer. When I called into the kitchen for more water and matches she turned to me and said, "What are they doing in the parlour?—I overheard some remarks and thought they were playing cards in my house." When I tried to soothe her she answered, "Your grandfather, my dear father, used to say to us time and again, 'Beware of cards for where there are cards on the table the devil's hoofs are under the table.' Peace to her soul! Brought up in the old Convent of Fermoy, she belonged to another generation.

\* \* \*

On the night of the election in 1896 the students of the University paraded the town with cheers for "Laurier, Mowat and Victory! Hurrah! Hurrah!" The torch light procession wended its way up Bond Street and the cheers were repeated again and again.

The Chaplain was at the bedside of a dying man, a notorious "Grit" from Wellington County. In the midst of the prayer "Depart Christian Soul" the patient suddenly recovered consciousness and said in a squeaky voice, "Father, what are they shouting for?" The Chaplain replied "Don't mind the shouting but prepare yourself." "But Father—I heard something of Laurier and Mowat." Sister de Sales whispered to me, "Tell him and it will quiet him, perhaps." Accordingly I told him that the University boys were shouting for "Laurier, Mowat and Victory."

"Is the old man in at last?" "Yes," I re-

plied, "Laurier is Prime Minister of Canada"—"Father," he moaned, "Isn't it too d—— bad that I have to go and Laurier in at last." He died before the last echoes of the cheers faded away up towards Gould Street.

He had come over a hundred miles to be present at election night in Toronto. On the way there was a terrible collision and both his legs had to be amputated in consequence.

I told the story to Archbishop Walsh who in turn repeated it to Laurier at breakfast one Sunday morning at the Palace. His reply, (the tears running down his cheeks) I shall never forget. "Faithful to the last. Faithful to the last."

\* \* \*

I was in a large factory a few weeks ago and straight in front of the telephone girl was a much needed motto, "Keep Smiling." That seemed to be the motto of the nuns of the early days in St. Michael's Hospital.

### LIST OF DON'TS FOR NURSES

London, June 23.—Monsignor Arthur Jackman, has drawn up a long list of "don'ts" for nurses.

Some of the "don'ts" read:

DON'T breathe through your mouth.

DON'T breathe over a wound, nor in your patient's face.

DON'T come near your patient smelling of smoke.

DON'T doze in an easy chair in a position in which you may snore.

DON'T talk to patients about the awful cases you have had.

DON'T forget that a little help is worth a lot of pity.

DON'T chatter and don't be taciturn.

DON'T tell tales to the Doctor.

DON'T repeat scandals or malicious gossip.

DON'T be guilty of petty falsehood.

DON'T say "dear" to any female over 18.

DON'T call any seedy looking old man "Daddy." he may be a distinguished member of the Board.

DON'T think you are scrubbing a floor when you are washing a patient.

DON'T be harsh on patient's relatives.

DON'T forget that hot water bottles are apt to get cold and also to scald.

DON'T raid the kitchen when on night duty.

DON'T ever give medicine from a bottle without a label.

DON'T give a dose without reading the label.

DON'T give medicine if you have the slightest doubt about its being right.

DON'T look anxious, your patient may notice it.

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## COMPLIMENTS OF CORBETT-COWLEY



## COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

★ ★

## "SHE SPENDS HER DAYS IN DOING GOOD"

With winsome smile and lightsome heart  
That chase despondency and gloom,  
She draws her little dressing cart  
From ward to ward and room to room.

Her hands are deft to cleanse and bind,  
And soothe the sufferers wounds of woe  
And from their ministrations kind  
Healing and health and mercy flow.

I listen for her coming feet  
That sound like music to the ward,  
The sunshine of her presence sweet  
Is like the coming of the Lord.

For in her calm deep eyes I see  
God's heaven shining bright and clear,  
And in her spirit's purity  
I feel that God is very near.

She does the work Christ did on earth  
She spends her days in doing good  
And scatters comfort, peace and mirth  
From her angelic womanhood.

She gave her soul's sweet sympathy  
To cheer me in pain's dreary hours  
And so I pray her life may be  
Made sweet with heaven's choicest flowers.

May every seed of kindness sown  
By her, a rose of beauty prove  
To weave for her at God's bright Throne  
A garland of immortal love.

Written by the late P. J. Coleman,  
to a Dressing Room Nurse.

## SOME PROMINENT FAULTS.

Anticipating evils in the future.  
Lamenting the past and holding on to disagreeable experiences.

Pitying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities.

Dreaming that you will be happy in some other place or circumstance.

Making light of your ability.

Dwelling on fancied slights and on wrongs; thinking that others are discussing you.

Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living.

Seeing the worst in others and not the best.

It is difficult to say who is the guiltier, he who retails scandal or he who listens to it.

## EDITORIAL

Editor .....	K. Welsh
Assistant Editor .....	Mary Hughes
Social Editor .....	Irene Sennett
Reporters .....	Vera McMullen, Helen Heffernan, Effie McInnis and Rita Wiggins
Advertising .....	Marie Pilon
Mailing .....	Bertha Ryan

## HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

January, 1940, brings us not only a new year but a new decade; a new chapter as well as a new leaf in the Book of Time.

Looking over the past twelve months and especially the immediate past—since the outbreak of war—we realize how fortunate and favoured we are, here in Canada.

In a world, war-torn and battle-scarred, rife with godlessness and greed, and seething with calamity, hatred and despair, we in this fair land of ours live our lives serenely in security and comfort and tranquility of soul; at peace with God and our neighbour.

This was brought home to us very forcibly on Christmas Eve when we with thousands of others, betook ourselves to Midnight Mass, reverently appreciative of the solemnity of the occasion and enjoying to the full the delightful atmosphere peculiar to this "day of days."

We were humbled by the realization of how many millions there are throughout the world, much more worthy than we, who are not allowed even to acknowledge their belief in God, much less attend Church and profess their faith openly.

Throughout the holiday season we visited our friends and exchanged gifts with our dear ones; we sat around tables laden with delicious and delectable foods, our homes warmed by fuel aplenty and glowing with all the luxuries relative to this great feast of Christmas. What a contrast is our lot compared with that of millions affected, directly or indirectly by war! Truly we have much for which to be thankful.

We are prone, very often, to accept more or less routinely the priceless graces both spiritual and material which a kind Providence showers upon us day in and day out, year after year. Let us try during the coming year, in a spirit of gratitude to show our appreciation of His goodness by doing our share in helping to alleviate the misfortunes of others. Human beings like ourselves are suffering, through no fault of their own, agonies of mind and body the like of which have never been known in the history of the world.

First and foremost we can help of course by our prayers, and then by our good works. When

we are called upon to assist let us rise to the occasion and do so, willingly, graciously and cheerfully.

We would like to take this opportunity to offer a practical suggestion as a means, whereby we may fulfil a New Year's resolution of this kind. The Alumnae have combined with the Ladies' Auxiliary to form a St. Michael's Hospital Unit of the Red Cross. Tuesday from eleven a.m. to 4 p.m. is the time set aside each week for this work. Volunteers are needed and anyone desiring to be of assistance may do so by calling our Alumnae Representative, Miss Margaret Robertson. Melrose 8421.

## THE LIVING SERMON

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,  
I'd rather one would walk with me than merely  
tell the way.

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than  
the ear;

Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always  
clear.

The best of all preachers are the men who live  
their creeds,

For to see good put in action is what everybody  
needs.

I soon can learn to do it, if you'll let me see it done,  
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue  
too fast may run,

The lectures you deliver may be wise and true,  
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what  
you do.

I may not understand the high advice you give,  
But there's no misunderstanding how you act  
and how you live.

## NOW WE ASK YOU?!!!

In looking over the Ladies' Home Journal for February, 1940, (the Valentine number, incidentally) we were highly amused at this *savory* item, so we pass it on.

It was included in an article, "Plenty of Bachelors," by Gretta Palmer, we quote in part ". . . The choice of a career itself may be wise or unwise, viewed as a stepping-stone to the altar. Probably the worst vocation from the marrying point of view, is the school teacher's.

Trained nurses, on the other hand, are said to be besieged with proposals of marriage from convalescent patients. A girl could do far worse than study nursing as a first step toward a husband and a home. . . ."

But after all it is Leap Year, girls. So——





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## **R.N.A.O.**



Do you realize that you should belong to the Registered Nurses' Association of Ontario — in other words, the "R.N.A.O."? To be an active nurse you must be interested in all nursing organizations.

The advantages of being a member of the R.N.A.O.:

- (1) Only through membership in the Association may you become a member of the Canadian Nurses' Association or the International Council of Nurses.
- (2) Only by group effort do we obtain higher standards of nursing.
- (3) Only members of the R.N.A.O. are eligible with National enrollment for emergency service.
- (4) Only members of the R.N.A.O. may apply for a loan from the Permanent Education Fund.